

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C., JUNE 18, 1874.

VOL. XXII.

NO. 25.

The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS--CASH IN ADVANCE.
One copy, one year.....\$2 00
" " six months.....1 00
" " three months.....75

Select Miscellany.

WINNING A NEW DRESS.

"Such a beautiful new silk as Mrs. Leith has got," exclaimed Tom Vernon's wife, as they were eating breakfast. "The loveliest shade of a lavender, and trimmed with lace that must have cost at least three dollars a yard. It's just exquisite!"

"Of course," laughed Tom; "I can foresee what all this enthusiasm is leading to. My little household divinity has an idea in her head that she would look well in lavender silk."

"I did not say anything of the kind," said Mrs. Vernon; but Tom knew by the way she said it that he had guessed pretty near the truth.

"And the way she got it makes it all the more enjoyable, she says," went on Mrs. Vernon. "You know Leith's always telling how easy it is to get the start of a woman in a joke, or anything of that kind. It seems Mrs. Leith got the start of him in some way, and he felt so cheap over it that he promised to give her the prettiest dress in town if she'd keep still in regard to it. That's the way she earned her lavender silk."

"Poor Leith!" laughed Tom. "I don't pity him, though. He ought to be able to hold his own with a woman. I'd like to see a woman get the start of me!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mrs. Vernon, with a twinkle in her eye, and a view to business. "I'll agree to get the start of you in some way if you'll get me a lavender silk."

"Agreed!" responded Tom. "But I'm afraid you won't have your new dress very soon, my dear."

"So if I don't," said Mrs. Vernon wisely. "It isn't such a hard thing to get the start of you men as you think it is. We could do it any day we cared to try."

"Oh!" laughed Tom, giving her a kiss as he spoke, "we are not concealed at all are we?"

"Not in the least," answered his pretty wife; "you wait and see how the case stands by and by."

"Well, I'll wait," answered Tom, rushing round distractingly in search of his hat. "Where the Dickens?—I hear the train coming, and I've only three minutes to get to the depot in. Oh, here it is; good-bye, Kitty, and remember, I predict that you will lose your new silk dress, and with another kiss he was off.

"Rather a poor show for comfort," thought Tom Vernon, two or three days after that, as he entered the crowded car, and looked about him for a vacant seat.

Every seat was occupied. The poor fellow thought he had got to make the best of it when a young lady, at least he considered she was a young lady from her style of dress, but couldn't be certain of anything because her face was hidden under a brown veil, beckoned him toward her, and offered him half her seat.

Tom was always very susceptible. The fair sex had kept his heart in a continual flutter before he married. Now, he felt sure that there wasn't a woman like Kitty in the world, and yet he couldn't overcome his susceptibility. A pair of bright eyes bewitched him for the time being. A smile from a pretty face was too much for him to resist.

Therefore, when this veiled lady offered him a seat beside her, Tom, with a face that was very expressive of the pleasure with which he accepted the offer, came forward and sat down, wondering who it could be behind the brown veil. Some young lady who knew him by sight, he was pretty sure, because there was something in the trim little figure that seemed rather familiar to him.

The train started with a jerk, and the young lady was nearly twitched off the seat. Tom helped her to become settled, and in some way his hand got entangled with hers, and he didn't try to disentangle it. The young lady didn't seem to have any serious objections to the situation, for she permitted Tom's fingers to cling to her own daintily gloved one under cover of her shawl.

Tom said something once or twice but the lady didn't seem inclined to talk much.

It was perhaps a half hour's ride from the city to the place where Tom got off. A half hour doesn't seem very long, but it was quite long enough for Tom to get a silent flirtation with his young lady companion. Once or twice he wondered what his wife would say if she knew all about it. But then it was just to pass away the time, and there wasn't any harm in it. Merely an innocent amusement.

Just before reaching the station where Tom lives, the train passed through a tunnel.

Into this tunnel plunged the train on this memorable evening. The lamps had not been lighted in the car, and of course everything was wrapped in midnight darkness.

"May I have a kiss?" whispered Tom, leaning toward the brown veil. "Just one," he pleaded.

There wasn't any reply in words, but Tom, whose arm had stolen about the silent young lady's waist, felt a curious tremble shake her. He didn't know but she was laughing at him.

"Silence gives consent," said Tom and pulled away the brown veil and plumped a whapping kiss somewhere in the vicinity of her ear.

Just then the train dashed out of the tunnel, and Tom hoped to see the face of his queer companion. But the brown veil was down.

The train stopped, and Tom got up to get off.

So did his companion.

A cold shiver ran all over him. What if the story should leak out!

He hurried out of the car, and looked around at the door, to find the brown veil close behind him.

He made a plunge for the platform, but he couldn't escape his fate. The brown veil followed him.

"Who the dickens can it be?" thought Tom. "If it's any one who's going to stay here awhile Kittle will be sure to hear of it, and I don't know how I could explain it satisfactorily to her. Women are so particular."

"Hello, Tom!" called out a friend coming up just then. "Just from the city?"

"Yes," said Tom, who was meditating a hasty retreat. "Who is that woman in the brown veil, Bernard? She came up on the train with me."

"That woman in the brown veil?" said Bernard, looking about among the crowd; "I don't see any."

Tom breathed freer.

"I don't see her now. I didn't know who she was, but there was something kind of familiar in her appearance, I fancied. Good gracious!"

Tom's last remark was caused by the appearance of his elbow of the identical lady in the brown veil.

"I'd like to walk home with you, if you have no objection," she said, with a queer little tremble in her voice, as if a laugh were not far back of it.

"With me!" cried Tom,aghast. "I—that is—"

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference," laughed the lady, and Tom's eyes were something worth seeing when he heard that laugh. "Dear, dear! It's too good to keep! Oh, Tom, don't you know me?"

Up went the brown veil, and there stood Kitty, her face perfectly convulsed with merriment.

"I'll be shot if it isn't my wife!" cried Tom, looking as if he wanted to faint, or do something equally diverting.

" Didn't you know your own wife?" cried Bernard. "I declare, if that isn't the richest joke of the season. I say, Tom, I must tell the boys about that. Oh, I must really."

"Just one," whispered Kitty to Tom, with her eyes full of mischief. "Silence gives consent. Would you like another one?"

Tom's face was as red as the rose in Kitty's hat.

"If you'll keep still about that—"

"You'll get me that lavender silk," finished Kitty.

"Yes, I'll do it," cried Tom. "Just say its bargain."

"And you'll never do so again?" added Kitty.

"Never, as sure as my name's Tom Vernon," said Tom, solemnly.

"Well, on those terms I agree to say nothing about it, but—it was so rich!" and Kitty couldn't help laughing till she cried. "Oh, Tom, to think of it!"

Tom declares now that he knew who the lady in the brown veil was all the time, but he can't make his wife believe it. She got the lavender silk, and the transaction bids fair to be a lucky one for her, because if she wants anything she has only to say: "Just one!" and "Silence gives consent!" and Tom, looking decidedly sheepish, is sure to come to terms.

Constancy Rewarded.

Mention was made a few months since of the romantic attachment of a young man named Bruce, of Pittsburgh, for Zulu Azra, known as the beautiful Circassian girl, who last summer travelled in a professional capacity with Barnum's circus, and who, during the past winter, attracted many admirers to Barnum's Museum, at Pittsburgh, where she was on exhibition.

Bruce, who is a man of considerable fortune, made a proposal of marriage to the beautiful Circassian, who put him off from day to day until he, learning that he was thwarted in his love, became very much depressed in spirits.

He actually haunted the museum wherein the girl was on exhibition, and on her ultimately refusing to see him or to allow the correspondence to continue further he became melancholy, and soon afterward exhibited symptoms of insanity.

The symptoms developed so rapidly and were of so serious a nature as cause his friends to have him removed to Dixmont lunatic asylum. At this institution he remained until a few weeks ago, when he was pronounced cured, and accordingly discharged.

With liberty came the old and strong affection for the Circassian, and he made inquiries in almost every quarter of the city as to her present whereabouts. Ascertaining that she was travelling with O'Brien's circus, then in the interior of New York State, he hastened thither, and came up with the object of his search at a small village called Fair Hill. This was Friday of last week, and the meeting between the couple is said to have been an exceedingly cordial one. He again told her of his love and again proposed marriage.

Greatly to his joy the trial and tribulations of a very romantic courtship were brought to a happy end by the acceptance of his offer. The next day, in the presence of all those connected with the circus and attending side shows, the young couple were made man and wife. After the ceremony they were the recipients of numerous congratulations, and the contract of the lady with the circus manager having been annulled to the satisfaction of all concerned, the couple left for Pittsburgh, where they arrived a few days ago. Bruce is a rather fine looking man and the heir to a large estate.—*Pittsburg Leader.*

There are in Baltimore 214 churches of all denominations, of which 75 represent the different Methodists, 33 Episcopal, 25 Roman Catholics, 17 Baptist, 9 Jewish, 7 United Brethren, 5 Reformed, 3 Friends, 2 Swedesborgian, and Congregationalists, Cambellites, Unitarians and Universalists have 1 each.

Some idea of the extent of the maple-sugar crop in New England, may be gathered from the following result in two New Hampshire: In Warren, 42,000 lbs. In Campton 1,200 trees, and has more than 3,000 feet of gutter in which the sap runs to the tubs.

An Hour of Terror.

There arrived in this city on Friday morning, over the Grinn Trunk Railway, a man named Patrick McArthur, who met with a thrilling adventure about six miles east of the junction, Thursday night. He is a laboring man, and having no money, and failing to get a chance to work his passage down from Port Huron, on a boat, he started to walk down on the railroad track, and had nearly completed his journey when the adventure befel him. He lay by during the heat of the day Thursday, and was walking in the evening to make it up. While crossing the track where a switch leads down alongside the main track he got his foot fast in a "fog," and his efforts to extricate it were of no avail. He had on a stout boot, and it fitted so closely over the instep that he could not draw his foot out. In fact, the boot was wedged so tightly that the man's toes were severely pinched. He pulled this way and that, and wrenched and twisted, but the "fog" held the foot like a vise.

At length he could hardly move his leg for the pain, and found that he must either be run over by the next passing train or make some one understand his situation. He shouted himself hoarse, but no one came.

The nearest house was half a mile away, and if the farmer had heard the wild calls for help he gave them no attention. After the man had been a prisoner for upward of an hour he heard the whistle of a down freight train. It was yet a long way off, and he had a long time to think.

He had a match box in his pocket, papers in his bundle, and the idea came to him to signal the train.

Tearing the paper off his bundle and getting at a number of letters, he rolled them into a heap, and for fear the flame would die out too suddenly he added two flannel shirts from the bundle. The bundle was then made fast to the end of his walking stick, matches produced, and he waited until the head light of the locomotive should appear up the track.

It finally greeted his vision, looking like a bright white star, as it glistened afar up the track. The rumble of the train grew louder, the star grew larger and brighter. He struck his match. The flame blazed up brightly, but as he moved it toward the bundle a little gust of wind blew it out. Was there time yet? Up the track he could hear the thunder of a hundred heavy wheels, and the great light of the locomotive glared at him like the fiery eye of some wild beast. Another match, an instant of doubt and fear, and then the paper blazed up and curled over and around the bundle and swayed right and left with the right wind. He waved the signal of fire back and forth, and just when he was ready to believe that death under the wheels was certain he heard the whistle for brakes.

He could hear the wheels grinding and groaning, the hiss of steam as the engineer threw back his lever, and then the heavy train came to a stop with the great light shining down upon him, paling his dying signal. He was saved, but the engineer had only thirty feet more to go to crush him. The fireman came forward, got a crowbar and released him, and he was taken back to the caboose. The train men were very kind to him, and yesterday he found acquaintances here who arranged for his board until he will be able to work. His foot is badly swollen and very tender, and it will be several days before he will be able to walk—Detroit Free Press, May 30.

European Armaments.

The army of France, estimated on a peace footing for the year 1873, comprised 404,192 men, and 86,368 horses. On a war footing these numbers rose to 767,727 men and 143,238 horses. The navy, although powerful, has not kept pace of recent years with that of England. It numbers 62 ironclads, 264 screw steamers, 62 paddle steamers and 113 sailing vessels. The most remarkable ironclads are the Magenta and Soferino, and they are twelve years old. The German army, on a peace footing, is set down at 412,766 men and 97,379 horses, and on a war footing at 1,273,846 men and 281,542 horses. This is exclusive of officers. The navy numbers 41 steamers, of which 6 are ironclad, and 6 sailing vessels. The British army comprises 128,968 troops of the line, with 62,924 addition in India; 130,018 militia, 15,086 yeomanry, 160,750 volunteers, and 35,000 in the army reserve, making a total, exclusive of the colonial forces, of 541,746.

The British navy has, of late years, been diminished in number of ships, but increased in power, many of the vessels of the past being now taken off the returns, although stowed away in the various yards. The number of ships actually in commission is 226, of which 62 are heavy ironclads. The iron-clad fleet is divided into seven classes. The Monarch, which visited these waters with the remains of Mr. Peabody ranks in the fourth class; the Bellerophon, now on the American station, is in the fifth class. The first class comprises the largest mastless turret ships; the Devastation, Thunder, Fury and Inflexible. These vessels have two screws, two pairs of engines, and they stow 1,600 tons of coal, or sufficient for a voyage of 6,000 miles. They have two turrets, and the armaments of each consist of four thirty-five ton guns, carrying a 700 pound shot. The navy is manned by 61,600 seamen and marines.

Russia maintains during peace an army of 765,872 men including the reserves, but the war estimate is 1,213,250. She has also 25 iron-clads in her navy, one of which will probably rank with the first-class vessels of England. Spain shows an army 151,668, and a navy of 73 screw steamers including 7 iron-clad, 24 paddle steamers and 13 sailing vessels. Six of the ironclads were built in England, the oldest of them being the Arapiles, being already known to fame. She was built upon French models, and launched in 1864, Switzerland, notwithstanding her political and geographical position, maintains an armed force of 201,257 men.

Sun-light is an element of life. It decomposes and scatters, in connection with pure air, the death seeds. When fevers are epidemic, in large cities, or in wards of hospitals, the sunless rooms and sides of streets report a much larger number of deaths than are found where sun-shine can enter, even for one hour a day.

It is from indolence or ignorance, or sheer thoughtlessness, that the people seem to study how to shut out the sun-shine? Blinds and vines curtains and draperies, are used to bar the entrance of the life-preserving sunshine. Death lurks in darkness. Even the potato vine cannot thrive in a sunless cellar.—*Journal of Health.*

A Race for a Bride.

"Love laughs at bolts and bars," and yet at the same time there is "many a slip between the cup and the lip." The following true story pungently illustrates both of the above truisms: It happened a few days ago in an adjoining county. A comely youth fell madly in love with a rural belle. She smiled upon his suit and doubtless sighed upon his whiskers. They resolved to become "twain of one flesh," but the stern father of the would-be bride was dead against it, and fiercely forbade the bands. But "love laughs at bolts and bars," and the young couple stole away amid the friendly darkness of a moonless night, fled to a neighbor's, and about dawn the next morning succeeded in procuring the services of a parson. All things were made ready to the wedding at the silken knot, and the hearts of the lovers beat high with the hopes of a speedy fruition. But right here the parson manifested some doubts as to the propriety of the proceeding, and insisted on sending for the cruel parent and getting his consent before proceeding with the ceremony.

After much arguing, and his promising to intercede with the girl's father, and convincing both that success would certainly crown his appeals in their behalf, they finally consented, and the "irascible old gent" was sent for. Here comes in that other truism: "There's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip." In due season and within the hour for the messenger to return with the cruel parent, a fierce clatter of hoofs was heard down the lane and a voice wildly shouting, "I won't consent, d—d if I do; I solemnly forbid them bands," struck consternation and terror into the hearts of the would-be bride and groom. The groom ran to the door, and looking down the lane, saw at its farther end the发怒的 father coming like the wind, under whip and spur, hat in hand, his white hair wildly streaming, and shouting with every breath, "I won't consent," etc.

With the promptness of a veteran the lover seized his intended bride and mounted his steed in hot haste, bore her off in the opposite direction at a furious speed. The father with the vigor of despair, plunged his spurs deeper into his foaming horse, and gave hot pursuit, followed by the parson and the assembled guests all mounted, and taking a lively interest in the sequel of the race. Down the road, over hills, through the mist of valleys, into forests with the songs of morning, they held their mad career. But the speed that bore the lovers gradually slackened his pace under the double burden and the avenging parent steadily gained on them. Finally he overtook the flying pair, and reaching forth, snatched his daughter from her lover's grasp, wheeled his panting steed and bore her rapidly towards home.

The lover, maddened but not despairing, gave chase, and back over the same road, cheered by the shouts of the excited party, rushed the father and daughter to the lover. The young man soon devoured the distance between him and his intended bride, and with a grasp of iron to bear her off in triumph. But the old man, game to the last, renewed his strength and speed, and again seized his daughter, and a furious struggle for

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JOB PRINTING.

We call the attention of all classes who wish printing executed neatly, expeditiously, and upon reasonable terms, to the facilities offered at the People's Press Printing Establishment. We can furnish, at short notice, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS,

LETTER-HEADS, CARDS, PROGRAMMES, HANDBILLS, PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, POSTERS, NOTES, CHECKS, DRAFTS, &c., &

For Superintendent of Public Instruction.
COL. STEPHEN D. POOL,
Of Craven.

The Selection of Good Men.

Our attention was drawn to this subject by an article in the Richmond *Whig*, guarding the people against the selection of unworthy representatives, as "the character of a people is judged by the character of the man whom they elect their representative," &c.

We can point with pride to the following list of candidates for Congress from this State:

1st District—	Jesse J. Yeates of Hertford.
2nd "	No nominees.
3rd "	A. M. Waddell of New Hanover.
4th "	Jos. J. Davis of Franklin.
5th "	A. M. Scales of Rockingham.
6th "	Thos. S. Ashe of Anson.
7th "	Hon. Wm. M. Robbins.
8th "	Robt B. Vance of Buncombe.

Judicial Nominations.

1st District—	Mills L. Eure, Esq., of Gates.
4th "	Col. A. M. McCoy of Sampson.
5th "	Bartholomew Fuller of Cumberlend.
7th "	Hon. John Kerr of Caswell.
8th "	Thos. J. Wilson of Forsyth.
9th "	D. Schenck of Lincoln.

The Congressional Convention.

Our readers will be pleased to learn, from the annexed proceedings, that Hon. Wm. M. Robbins received the unanimous nomination for Congress at the District Convention held at Wilkesboro last week, on the first ballot—a high and well merited compliment to a faithful and efficient representative.

On Thursday a delegation representing the counties of Alexander, Ashe, Alleghany, Davie, Forsyth, Iredell, Rowan, Surry, Watauga, Wilkes and Yadkin, assembled in the old town of Wilkesboro for the purpose of selecting a candidate to represent the 7th Congressional District in the next Congress. Col. W. H. H. Cowles, of Wilkes, as a member of the District Executive Committee, called the Convention to order and explained the object of the meeting. John G. Marler, Esq., of Yadkin, was then made President, and Messrs. Barker, of the *Salisbury Watchman*; and Mathews, of the *Salisbury Sentinel*, secretaries. The roll of delegates re-nominated on the first ballot. A committee, consisting of the Chairman of the delegation from each county, was then appointed to wait upon the nominee. During the interval, the following resolutions, expressive of the sense of the meeting, were adopted.

Inasmuch as the Republican party have by the passage of the Civil Rights bill through the Senate of the United States by a strict party vote, drawn the line of color,

Resolved, That the Democratic Conservative party of the Seventh Congressional District accept the issue, and while we would not deprive the colored race of any right or privilege guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, we are of opinion that the good of both races and the prosperity of the State demand that her destinies shall be controlled by the white race.

Resolved, That as it is certain that the Civil Rights bill, now pending before Congress, will pass the House and become a law at the next session of Congress, if not at this, unless there is a decided uprising of the white people of the State in opposition to it in the ensuing election, and as one of the most prominent features of the bill is the one relating to Public Schools, it is of great importance to the people of our State that the Superintendent of Public Instruction should be of that party opposed to the Civil Rights bill and mixed schools, and not of that party which is attempting to force this odious measure upon the country.

Resolved, That the present revenue system is extremely oppressive to the whole country, and particularly so to the people of this District, and that we demand its abolition, or if that cannot be obtained, we desire the amendment of its most infamous and oppressive features.

Resolved, That we are in favor of such legislation on the subject of the finance and currency as will give the people of the South more money and at a lower rate of interest.

Resolved, That, in the event of our Representative in Congress, the Hon. W. M. Robbins, and that we pledge him an increased majority.

After the reading of the resolutions Maj. Robins having made his appearance, was loudly called upon for a speech, and responded in his usual pointed and vigorous manner, making practical and forcible address, upon the leading issues, and questions of public moment of the day. At the conclusion of his speech it was ordered that the papers of that district, and the *Raleigh News, Crescent and Sentinel* be requested to publish the proceedings of the Convention.

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LOCAL ITEMS.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C., Post Office Arrangement.—Office hours from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 a. m.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING THE MAIIS.

Railroad, from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 a. m.

Mount Airy mail, via Old Town, Bethania, Little Yadkin, Tom's Creek and Flat Shoals: closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m.; due Tuesday, 10 a. m.; Saturday, 12:30 p. m.

Madison mail, via Sedge Garden, Germanton and Walnut Cove, due Monday, Wednesday and Friday, by 3 p. m.; closes, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 a. m.

Jerusalem mail, via Fitchburg, Miller's Mill, Elba village, via Fulton: closes every Friday at 7, a. m. due, every Saturday, by 7 p. m.

Jonesville mail, via Mt. Taber, Vienna, Red Hill and East Bend: due every Friday, by 7 p. m.; closes every Saturday, at 6, a. m.

Walkertown mail, via Salem Chapel, White Knob, via Lenoir, via Lenoir: closes every Friday at 4 p. m.; due, every Saturday, by 7 p. m.

Another Creek mail, via Lewisville: closes every Saturday, at 7, a. m.; due, by 8 p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

REV. MR. MURDOCK, of the Episcopal Church, will preach in the Court House, in Winston, to-night (Thursday, 18th inst.)

RETHIR UNUSAL.—A swarm of bees passed over a field on the plantation of Alexander Snider, of this county, a few days since, and entered an empty hive on the stand, in his yard, of their own accord. This is an indication of good luck and prosperity, according to old time sayings.

HARVESTING WHEAT.—Our country friends are now in the midst of the wheat harvest, and reports come in from all directions that it is one of the finest yields this section has been blessed with for many years.

TRIM YOUR TREES.—An ordinance has been passed by the Commissioners to the effect that the trees along our side walks should be trimmed up high enough to prevent obstructions to passing vehicles on the street as well as pedestrains on the side walks.

FIRE.—We regret to learn that a fire broke out in the blacksmith shop of Mr. Jno. P. Nissen, of Wauhington, on Monday last, about 3 o'clock, P. M., destroying the cupola and a portion of the roof. The fire is supposed to have been accidental.

McNIDER, the laughing philosopher, was in town on Monday and Tuesday. His jovial phiz is good to look at.

J. L. FULKERSON calls the attention of his numerous customers to his recent purchases of ladies' wear.

SINCE THE HEATED TERM of a few days last week the weather has been remarkably fine.

GREAT AMERICAN FRUIT AND VEGETABLE DRYER-BILLINGS' PATENT, THE BEST IN USE.—The properties of the fruit are fully preserved. No danger of taking fire or scorching the fruit. A few hours will dry as effectually as can be done in days by the old process. It preserves the articles from insects or mildew. For further information apply to H. D. Lott, Salem, N. C., or Pfohl & Stockton, Salem and Winston.

Mr. FYLNT, the gentlemanly and efficient Principal of Dalton Academy, called on us a few days since, and represented his school as having been flourishing during the past session, and the prospect very flattering for the Fall session. We are pleased to note the healthy condition of several schools of a high grade in our section. Besides our own schools in Salem and Winston, there are seven others, within a day's drive of either place, all enjoying an encouraging share of patronage.

EXCURSIONS seem to be the order of the day. One, for the benefit of Elm Street and Shady Mount Sunday Schools, leaves the depot on Friday the 26th inst., for Greensboro. Fare only 75 cents. Buy your tickets early. Mr. Hicks deserves credit for the pleasure he is instrumental in giving the children of the above Schools, and we hope his kindness will be appreciated by a generous public.

ANOTHER for the "Colored People" excels, surely, leaves on Saturday morning for Company Shops. Fare, \$1 round trip. These are low rates and the opportunity of riding one hundred miles for one dollar should not escape the notice of the darke brotherhood.

IMPROVEMENTS.—A portion of the building known as the "Old Toy Shop" is removed and the dwelling part is to be repaired and occupied as a residence by C. L. Rights, Esq.

A. C. Vogler, the enterprising furniture man, is enlarging his shop, with the idea of increasing his business. His furniture gives satisfaction.

On Thursday evening last we had a fine rain, proving very beneficial to the suffering crops. In the Abbott's Creek neighborhood, some 7 or 8 miles from here, there was a heavy rain storm, accompanied with much thunder and lightning, washing the plowed ground, prostrating trees and fences, the lightning killing a horse.

More refreshing rain this week.

ALMOST DROWNED.—While returning from the commencement exercises of Trinity College, Mr. Ferbe, accompanied by Misses Bowbeer and Thurston and a little boy, were forced by an unmanageable horse to attempt to ford the stream between High Point and Trinity, which was unusually high on account of the recent rains. Miss Bowbeer and the boy jumped out before entering the ford but Miss Thurston remained. Mr. Ferbe, after getting in the current attempted to turn the horse when he stumbled and fell, and all were swept down by the swift current to a foot log some distance below. Clasping the lady in his arms Mr. Ferbe seized the log, and maintained his hold, thereby saving them both from a watery grave. Assistance soon arrived and they were rescued from their perilous position. The horse, after some difficulty, was cut loose from the express wagon, and brought safely to shore. The wagon was recovered some time after. A very narrow escape.

J. E. MICKEY has just returned from the Northern cities, where he bought a large lot of SHOES, HATS, CLOTHING, MATERIAL for CARRIAGES and HARNESS, HARDWARE, STOVES and TIN-WARE. 16

Mrs. J. E. MICKEY has also, in person, selected the largest lot of MILLINERY GOODS and NOTIONS ever brought to this country.



WHO GOT THE HOGS?

According to the laws of town, No hogs are allowed to run around; But sometimes country hogs will find Themselves inside the corporation line; Then the police to do their duty are bound To catch and put them in the pound. So the other day, nine pigs and their mother, Were caught and put up after a great deal of bother; And Joe and Henry, both felt pretty sure, That their porkers were safe, as they had locked the door. But it seems they were both disappointed to be, And that somebody else must have had a key, For when they went round to look at their prize, They discovered something that opened their eyes; They unlocked the door, and pushed it ajar, And "nary" a hog did they see in "har."

How they got out, of course nobody has told, And instead of selling, Joe and Henry got sold.

The American Sardine Co's Boneless Sardines, are much better, and less than half the cost of imported Sardines. 10-ly.

LIVER CURE.—"Simmons' Hepatic Compound or Liver Cure," to be had at ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE, wholesale and retail.

Thistle Edition Waverly Novels. Sold only by subscription. Two Volumes per month. Apply to L. V. & E. T. Blum Agents, Salem, N. C.

Blanks! Deeds of Conveyance or Land Deeds, Mortgage Deeds, Summons, Judgments and Executions, and Chattel Mortgages, neatly printed, and for sale at the Press office.

WANTED! 400 CORDS OF TAN BARK. Salem, N. C., Mar. 23. J. W. FRIES.

SAFE, SPEEDY AND SURE.—Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horchowd,—a remedy for all diseases of the Chest and Air Passages, at ZEVELY'S Drug Store.

TO PRINTERS. ABOUT 200 pounds Long Primer like the following line, at 30 cents per pound. Books and Stationery at the Bookstore. Enquire at this office.

WRAPPING PAPER for sale at the Book Store.

MARRIED. Near Ardena, on the 4th inst., by S. S. Jones, Esq., Capt. Jacob Essex to Mrs. SARAH ADER, all of Davidson county.

Near Clemmons, on the 21st May, 1874, by S. S. Jones, Esq., Mr. JAMES F. MCKNIGHT to MISS REBECCA PAINTER, all of Davidson county.

DIED. Wednesday evening, of the 10th inst., in Davidson county, Mrs. ELIZABETH SNIDER, wife of Keechin Snider, of consumption.

In Salisbury, on the 6th inst., Mrs. MARY ELLES, wife of Prof. Neave, and daughter of Mr. Charles F. Baker, in the 21st year of her age.

At his residence, in Rockingham county, N. C., on the 7th inst., D. EDWARD TRAVIS BRODNEY, in the 70th year of his age.

MR. JACOB CLINE, a very worthy citizen of High Point, died at Bethany, N. C., on the 11th inst., and was buried with Masonic honors on the 12th.

Richardson, on the 1st inst., Mrs. MARY CUMMINGS, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Stauber, formerly of this place.

OBITUARY. Died at his residence, in Davidson county, May 13th, Mr. EDWARD D. HAMPTON, aged 33 years, 10 months, and 12 days.

The presence of death, around the family altar, is at all times unpleasant and painful, for each one that lies near him, and when he goes to him who is dead and gone, at whom his grief shall be aimed, proves to be the bane which the family shield is guided; a father whose strong arm had so long been the shield and protection of only daughter, a brother whose love knew no bounds, and a friend ever ready and willing to oblige, our carded and combed cotton, weep not for us, nor grieve the pitless triumph of the Tyrant, and unable to view and comprehend the workings of Him "who moves in a mysterious way his invisible to perform" our crushed spirits are apt to rise up against Him who is the author of our woes. Such is the case with the "Grim Messenger" made our pest amidst; Mr. HAMPTON is no more. He has passed away in the prime of his manhood, leaving a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their irreparable loss. Stricken deep, weep not for us, nor grieve all who knew him, for the stroke of death has never fallen upon a better or a nobler heart. His death casts a gloom over many hearts in the community at large, where the memory of his kindness will long outlive that grief which will assuage our earthly sorrows.

Arrond his own family hearth-stone, where he was deeply loved, and where he is sadly, oft so sadly missed, his kindness shone brightest, but 'twas too boundless and unlimited to be confined within the narrow limits of its own earthly circle, but extended far beyond, diffusing light and no darkness went. But well may the voice of eulogy be hushed, when the hearts of loved ones throb so wildly around, thus speaking a louder and a more tender strain, than that which can be framed into words.

Again and again has the "Destroyer" lingered around Mr. HAMPTON's couch, but each time his iron heart seemed moved to pity, by the tender care and loving anxiety of the "home circle" who watched over him, and when he so gently bid his last adieu, he deferred to his cruel work, and laid him away in search of other victims. But at last he came and unmoved by pity, gently took him from his loved ones. Stricken deep, weep not for us, nor grieve all who knew him, for the stroke of death has never fallen upon a better or a nobler heart. His death casts a gloom over many hearts in the community at large, where the memory of his kindness will long outlive that grief which will assuage our earthly sorrows.

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Poetry.

There's no Such Thing as Death.

"There's no such thing as death;
To those who think aright;
'Tis but the racer easting off
What most impedes his flight;
'Tis but one little act,
Life's drama must contain;
One struggle keener than the rest,
And then the end of pain.

"There's no such thing as death;
That which is thus miscalled,
Is life escaping from the chains
That have so long enthralled;

"Tis a cruel hidden star,
Piercing through the night,
To shine in gentle radiance forth
Amid its kindred light.

"There's no such thing as death;
In nature, nothing dies;
From each sad remnant of decay
Some forms of life arise.

The faded leaf that falls,
All sere and brown to earth,
Ere long will mingle with the shapes
That give the flowered birth.

"There's no such thing as death;
'Tis but the blossom spray,
Stirring before the coming fruit,
That seeks the sun's ray:

"Tis but the bud displayed,

As comes the perfect flower;

"Tis faith exchanged for sight;

And weariness for power.

HUMOROUS.

The Accident Which Happened to Lucy.

Everybody wonders how Lucy Willis lost her lover. She is a very pretty girl as well as accomplished and intelligent. Dr. Hamilton was a great catch, and when he came to Nortonsburg Lucy was not the only girl who determined to "set her cap" for him, and Mrs. Grundy wondered who would captivate him; but very soon the young physician showed a strong preference for Lucy, and pretty little Lucy was delighted. Every few days they were seen together, riding, walking, etc., and the little boys counted the times they made carrying watermelons and things from the doctor to Miss Lucy. But all at once his attention ceased. For a time he moved about in a very quiet way; then he began visiting Alice Leigh, and the village gossips wondered why it was so. But you see they didn't know anything of the buggy ride Lucy took with the doctor, the accident that happened, nor what came of it. Lucy knows why she lost the doctor, but she will never tell, and he's a perfect gentleman.

You must understand the doctor had declared himself, but he intended doing so; and concluded 'twould be nice to whisper the sweet words in her ear as they drove along the shiny turnpike. He invited her to drive out with him, she accepted and away they went.

They were very gay, quoting poetry and making love in that roundabout way that comes just before the declaration, when the doctor's horse backed his ears, shook his head, kicked and did so many queer things that Lucy became frightened, and before her lover could prevent, jumped from the buggy. Dr. Hamilton, after quieting his horse, went to her.

"Darling, are you hurt?" he asked. Lucy blushed.

"I believe—I think I've sprained my foot. It was very foolish in me to do so, but I can walk to the buggy and we must go home." She attempted to walk, but fell back powerless in her lover's arms.

"You are hurt," she said "you must let me see your foot," and she put out her little foot in a neatly fitting boot.

"Your shoe will have to come off," he said. "The ankle is swollen badly."

"Oh, no, no, go away," she said, as he began unlacing her boot. "You shall not take off my shoe."

But here the keen pain struck her again and she fainted, while her lover removed the tiny boot. But immediately he started back in amazement, for there before his bewildered gaze were the five tiny toes of his lady-love peeping out from an immense hole at one extremity of her stocking, while at the other was a little round heel peeping out as slyly as the five little toes; and then the doctor knew his little dream was over, for of all things, he admitted neatness in a woman more than anything else. When Lucy recovered, he carried her to the buggy, was kind and gentle, drove her home, but the intended proposal was left unsaid.

Lucy knew she had lost him and reasoned within herself. "He had no business to follow off my shoe." And he thought to himself, "She had no business wearing stockings with holes in them."

Accidents will happen, young ladies, and the safest plankways is to be neat, and not think as Lucy did, "Oh, these holes will never be seen, they're awfully down in my boot;" for, if you do, your fate may some day be the same as hers.

During the late American civil war it was considered necessary in Cynthiana to keep a few soldiers at that place. One night two of them strayed into the church of the colored people just as the minister was concluding an invitation to any who were inclined to "come and join the church." After he had finished these two soldiers got up, walked forward and presented themselves for admission, whereupon the preacher said:

"Breden, dis a call'd church, ap' I dunno as I'm any 'thority to take in white folks."

At this point an elderly uncle rose in the congregation and ejaculated:

"Take 'em in, Brudder Jilson, take 'em in; dar skins is white, dat's fact, but dar hearts is just as black as ourn, slush!"

Gov. Vance got off a good thing in welcoming to Charlotte the Medical Association of North Carolina. The Governor closed his remarks by saying:

I am therefore instructed to say, that the city of Charlotte, with all it contains of hospitality and liberality, is at your devoted service during your stay; but, as was said to Satan concerning Job, "Behold all that we have is in thy power, only upon ourselves put not forth thy hand." (Great laughter and applause.)

A physician on presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient, asked: "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?"

"No," replied the executor. "The death of the deceased is enough to prove that you attended him professionally."

"Will you have some strawberries?" asked a lady of a guest. "Yes, madam, yes; I eat strawberries with enthusiasm." "Do tell? Well, we haven't anything but cream and sugar for 'em this evening," said the matter-of-fact hostess.

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15-16

"There's no such thing as death;

"Tis but the racer easting off

What most impedes his flight;

"Tis but one little act,

Life's drama must contain;

One struggle keener than the rest,

And then the end of pain.

"There's no such thing as death;

That which is thus miscalled,

Is life escaping from the chains

That have so long enthralled;

"Tis a cruel hidden star,

Piercing through the night,

To shine in gentle radiance forth

Amid its kindred light.

"There's no such thing as death;

In nature, nothing dies;

From each sad remnant of decay

Some forms of life arise.

The faded leaf that falls,

All sere and brown to earth,

Ere long will mingle with the shapes

That give the flowered birth.

"There's no such thing as death;

'Tis but the blossom spray,

Stirring before the coming fruit,

That seeks the sun's ray:

"Tis but the bud displayed,

As comes the perfect flower;

"Tis faith exchanged for sight;

And weariness for power.

16

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